

PAT'S POST

PRINCESS

VOL. I.—No. 7.

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NOV., 1918.

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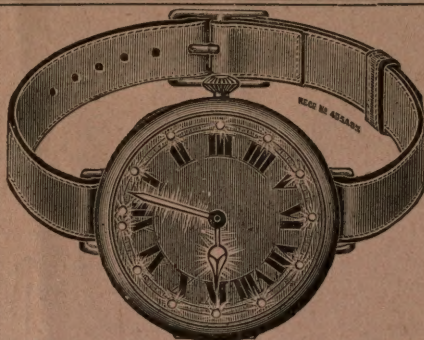
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Q.M.S. Marriott - - Business Manager.
Staff-Sergt. Trevett - Editor.
Pte. R. Baxter - - - Artist.

November, 1918.

EDITORIAL SANCTUM.

To our Readers.

Here we are in the month of November, and it is quite a difficult problem to know what to write about. We are unable to talk on the War, as it is nearly over; and the weather is not any too good to suggest it as a topic of conversation, so we may as well content ourselves with talking about something in general.

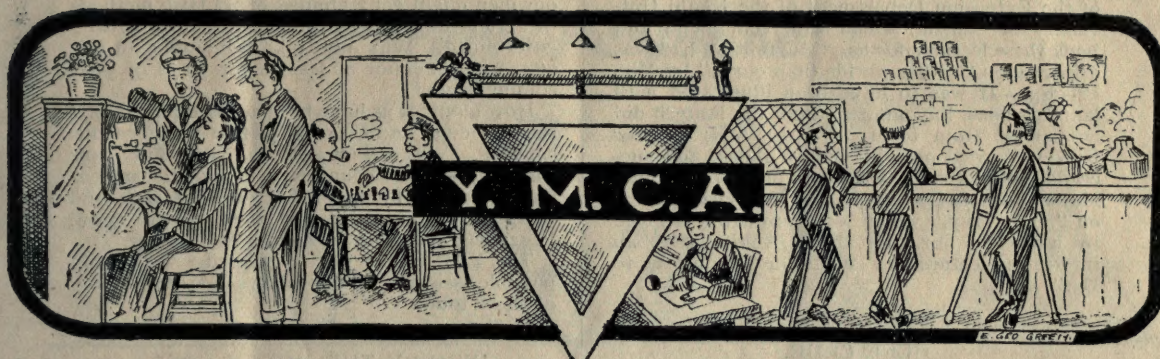
Speaking of the Magazine, it is quite interesting to know that numbers of friends have written, even from Canada, asking for copies, and the Editor even saw a snapshot of a lady sitting in the garden reading a copy of "Pat's Post." We are still well to the fore, and our circulation is reaching still higher standards. Different patients and staff are beginning to send in short stories and other material, which all goes to make it a good, interesting camp rag. Next month we intend, as we stated, to bring out an extra special big number for December (Christmas issue); and although we have a fair amount of copy on hand, we still want lots more to make it a most interesting and amusing Magazine, second to none. Any of you who

can manage to scare up a little story or interesting anecdote in the near future should send the same to the Editor, Headquarters, No. 2 Division, and do not forget there is still a lot of room to fill up.

Just think how interesting it will be to your friends, when you send them a copy of the Christmas number, and say this paragraph or this story was written by me. It shows then that you take some pride in helping to keep the P.P.P. going amongst the camp. We want, if possible, to keep the talent confined to the camp, and we are sure that some of you patients have more than enough literary ability to let us have this material. Especially at this time, men in camp must have lots of time on their hands, owing to the fact that all places of amusement are out of bounds, and one is to interest himself with what fun he can get with his few cronies.

The great majority of you people in camp do not seem to be interested enough in the working up of this paper, although it is appreciated that a much larger number of "Pat's Post" were disposed of in the camp during last month than in any previous month.

Well, that is a good start, and the patients, we think, could get lots of fun out of their column "Ward Whispers." It is good to know that we have one or two supporters who diligently send in their small amount of copy, and we are hoping that in the near future this column will increase to a full page, and we are prepared to give you more if you need it. Now, don't forget, *your copy* is to be in by the 25th.



Y.M.C.A. NOTES.

With the Hospital filled up with patients, the "Y" hut has been crowded out, even during the day time, while at the evening entertainments every available chair has been filled, with packed standing room, and even the doorways filled. During the day time there is not room for all the men wishing to play games, read, talk, etc. We have been able to increase our supply of games considerably, and every day one sees the two billiard tables, many sets of checkers and chess, the two bagatelle tables, and the new ping-pong outfit all going strong.

We have been pleased to welcome to our staff Miss Richardson, who comes to us to help in developing the musical and social end of our programme. The results of her efforts are already very evident in the increased cheerfulness in the tone of the Hut. At almost any time of the day, when the men are in the Hut, there is music of some kind; at times it is good rollicking choruses, or various men bring in their songs to try them over, or some one brings an instrument to try out with piano accompaniment. The singing of the popular choruses before the concerts has helped to pass the time while the boys are waiting.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

In the thirty-one evenings of October there have been just two nights on which there has not been a programme of some kind in the Hut. Our aim is to have something doing *every* night. During the month fifteen concerts have been held.

A return visit from Mr. Bob Barry and Miss Sheila McCarthy was a tremendous success. They have certainly earned a warm place in the affection of the boys in camp. One wonders how two artistes can, by themselves, sustain a

programme for two solid hours, never losing their audience for one moment, yet that is what Mr. Barry and Miss McCarthy do. A clever original number was the burlesque melodrama which closed the programme. For sheer fun, this show cannot be beaten.

A new party to visit us was the Caryll Douglas Party of London. Mr. Douglas scored a success with his ventriloquism, while the songs of Miss Amy Reid, the contralto, were much enjoyed.

Mr. George Morris and party from Tunbridge Wells gave us a fine evening's entertainment, the first half being musical, the second consisting of a humorous sketch.

The "Dainties," of London, were appreciated by a large audience. Miss Shearwood's dancing was both graceful and clever. The "star" of the party was undoubtedly little Miss "Conchie," whose songs and impersonations were received with great applause.

Other parties, every one of which were thoroughly enjoyed, were Sydney Fenwick's party, of Brighton; Wilby Lunn's marionette show; Madame Edith Welling's party of Concert Artists, of Brighton; the "Uniques," of London; Miss Nellie Moore, of Brighton; John Conrad Dramatic Co.

To give the boys in camp a chance to show what they could do in the entertaining line themselves, we had an Amateur night. As a result some very fair talent was discovered. The prize-winners were decided by a vote of the audience, taken by a show of hands. First prize was won by Miss Claire, one of the V.A.D.'s, for her songs. Second prize went to Pte. Hardcastle for his lightning sketches, and third to Pte. Long for his comic songs.

LECTURES.

A series of lectures has been started. The very best lecturers which can be secured will come to us on Monday evenings, week by week. This is made possible through the co-operation

of the Extension Department of the Kkahi University of Canada, which will recommend and book these lectures for us. The first we had was a lecture on "Other worlds than our's," by Miss Proctor. It was to have been illustrated with lantern slides, but unfortunately the lantern did not arrive from town in time. Miss Proctor bravely carried on without the slides, and succeeded in interesting a large audience to the end. Major Corbett-Smith gave a dramatic recital on "Our Navy," which was thoroughly enjoyed by a packed hut. Mr. F. J. Adkins gave an interesting lecture on "What the War means to Us."

GLEE CLUB.

Finding that a great many men are interested in part-singing, a Glee Club has been organized, and has been meeting regularly for a few weeks. Music for part songs, quartettes, etc., is available, and all men interested along this line are cordially invited to come along on Tuesday and Thursday evenings to the practices.

SUNDAY PROGRAMMES.

The usual Sunday Evening Song Services have been held. On one evening we were favoured with a visit from our friends, the Ma dame Welling Concert Artistes, who gave us a splendid programme of sacred music. We hope to continue these from time to time.

BIBLE STUDY.

The attendance at the sessions of the Bible Study group has been steadily increasing. A new course, entitled "A Life at its Best," has been commenced. Every man interested is cordially invited to come along on Wednesday evenings.

We are very pleased to see the large number of men who are availing themselves of the assistance of the Red Triangle in the planning and enjoying of their Leaves. Several men have lately been advised in regard to their leave to Ireland and Scotland. We can put you in touch with the folks who will be glad to help you to have a good time in almost any part of the British Isles.

When on leave, would you like to stay as guest in a private home, or as paying guest in a home? We can arrange this, specially in connection with our tours to Penzance and the Isle of Man.

Our Scotland representative has sent us word that he can place men upon farms, where certain forms of farm life are specialized in, and where

our men might get a glimpse of Scottish methods of agriculture, and at the same time be royally entertained. Why not take advantage of this attractive offer for at least a few days of your coming leave?

How many of us have been advised not to miss seeing Devon and Cornwall before we leave this country. We can suggest a very fine tour through these two counties, to include the ancient and historical towns of Exeter, Plymouth and Falmouth, going on to the most western town, Penzance, and close to Land's End.

The Y.M. Officer will be pleased to be of any possible assistance to our fellows in arranging any of these tours.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

We sometimes hear of men who wonder where the profits of the Y.M.C.A. Canteen go. Few realize what just one item of our expenditure amounts to in one month. It may be of interest to know that on Concerts alone, in the month of October, just over £125 were spent! We had 15 Concerts, including one Amateur night with camp talent, three Amateur parties who received expenses only, and eleven Professional parties. As practically all our Professional parties come from London, railway fares are expensive; the artistes have to be put up at a hotel overnight, and this, added to the artistes' fees, brings the total to quite an item. Our aim is to develop a real high standard for our Concerts at Cooden, but—it costs money!

Somewhere.

Somewhere from out of God's vast store
You came to me smiling, baby boy.
I gave you all my tender mother's love:
God gave you life, honour, courage and joy.

Somewhere we dwelt upon this earthly globe,
And often when the cloud seemed darkest hue,
Somewhere around our humble cottage home,
I saw a ray of sunshine, dear, in you.

Somewhere a gingham apron patched and worn,
Will oft recall to me my happiest hours,
You played and chased the sunbeams on the floor,
And little knew or thought of other powers.

Somewhere upon a billowy sea you sailed,
Where wind and waves rock tired souls to sleep,
Defying danger for your country's sake,
And fearing naught but God and mother's keep.

Somewhere in range of shot and shell you stand,
My baby once and now my little man.
For duty's sake, stay boy and do your share,
Until the last salute shall sound somewhere.

—CORA L. MOORE,

Purely Personnel!



What We'd Like To Know?

Who will kindly lend Sergt. S. a 40-acre field so that he may exercise his lungs? The Mess is too small.

Is there any truth in the yarn that one of the boys in this camp has developed webbed feet owing to the quantity of rain?

In what direction do the harmless affections of a certain stout Staff-Sergeant lie?

Who is the best person to send to the Red Cross for comforts for the patients? Ask the Matron.

How long has a certain member of the Massage School been mounted? And where did he get those leggings?

Who is the renowned M.C. who is allowed to get up and say anything he wants to at the dances?

Where did the white sweaters come from? And don't the Massage crowd look nice. Still, they might give the sweaters a rest once in a while, we get tired of seeing them day and night; it is even rumoured that they sleep in them.

Who is the street musician we sometimes hear in No. 2 Division Orderly Room? W(h)ines from the Woods.

What is the official artist of the P.P.P. prepared to pay for a safe to keep his pencils in?

How did Sergt. A. manage to fall off his bicycle the other day? and did he really have concussion of the brain?

And does the Sergeant in the Q.M. Office think that he, too, owns the road? Will he try to look under another "Ford"?

How long has the Canteen Funds been open to any one branch of the Service here? Please tell us, Editor.

Do we understand that there has been another new Order out, 'The Brotherhood of Masseurs?' "Some Gang."

Is it true that a poster will soon appear with the following announcement:—"Coming! a new attraction. Happy and his Bugle Band."

Is it not near time that the ladder was removed from near the V.A.D.'s Quarters?

For a jack of all trades apply to Patient Sergt., No. 2 Division.

Remember—Football, Clerking and Singing do not agree. "Music hath charms." Who said, and to whom does this refer?

Why did "Happy" leave the Parakeets.

Who was it suggested, after touring around with the now famous Cooden Camp "Parakeet" Concert Party, that the name should be changed to "The Parak-eats?"

Who was the fellow who got the Pay Corporal's goat the other afternoon? and why did the usually genial Corporal go white? Wasn't it lucky for the patient that the dear old Corp. kept his "Bulldog Spirit" in its kennel?

Is the reason that the Sergeant in charge of the Camp Concert Party wears a black costume instead of green, like the rest of the Troupe, because he has so much green in his eye?

Is the well-dressed, handsome, curly-headed boy in No. 1 Div. Ord. Room aspiring after a Lance-Corporal's Commission? And why does he and the Bombadier frequent the Skating Rink so much these last few dark nights?

If the stripe given to "Red" in the Dining Hall hasn't made him quite amiable to the patients? and whether all the fellows would unanimously vote that the smiling Irish V.A.D. is the kindest-hearted little girl that ever served us with a meal at Cooden?

Where a certain C.S.M. gets all his "pep"? Is it the beans or the soup, and isn't it rather hard on the Government Equipment?

If the 'phone in the Q.M. Office is for business or pleasure?

The Cooden Pilgrims.

The boys in some of the huts find it impossible to fill in the time on these wet, dreary Cooden nights. Someone suggested that we break forth into song, another said let us retire for the night, then a big, brawny half-breed exclaimed, to the delight of the congregation, "Let us pray," and we did so in good old Army style, and I have perused the Good Book through and through, but I failed to find any of the texts that we brought forth from our delightful little congregation. After we had prayed awhile, up jumps old Sandy McDuff, who, by the way, was born in Dublin, reared in Blighty, and educated in Winnipeg, and said, "By heck, boys, I must quit, as I am getting housemaid's knee, through the stalks from this Brussels Carpet, and I've prayed so long that I cannot spit a saxepee," and suggested that we all return to the Canteen

for a light refreshment, which was heartily endorsed by the whole of the congregation, including the Parson, whose business it is to see that the men in his hut conduct themselves properly and that they get their full share of "steam" to keep their "spirits" up. After being thrown out of the wet shop into the starry night, we eventually reached our little wooden hut through every imaginable access, including doors, windows, keyholes, etc.; in fact, old Sandy made his entrance through the legs of the Sergeant, who was standing in the doorway, eagerly awaiting the arrival of some poor little "Stay out after Roll Call," and the whole of the hut went into uproars when they discovered Sgt. Petticoat was out looking for Sandy. Bully for Sandy, there was about fifteen minutes left before legal lights out, so we gathered our noble pilgrims together for another little prayer service, but Sandy still complained of housemaid's knee, and suggested that we kneel on the lower portion of our spine, and to avoid a housemaid's spine we fixed Sandy upon a few soft feather pillows which we gathered from the Sergeants' quarters, then when all signified as to their comfort, we opened our service with hymn No. 999, which runs as follows;—

I now belong to the Flying Corps,
Because I have the Flew,
Salts fail to stop my downward flight,
And number nines don't fit me right,
So now they feed me stew.

This we sang to that well-known tune, "When I was a student at Cooden." The full account of this famous hymn will be found on another page in the next issue of *Pat's Post*, so order your copies in advance, so that you will be well acquainted with our little choir, and follow the good work that they are doing amongst the boys. Well, dear friends, to show the earnestness of our boys, I must tell you that they exhausted all the texts in the Good Book in the fifteen minutes which we had at our disposal, and we still had half a candle left in the Vestry, so we carried on our prayer meeting by candle-light; but, of course, as you are aware, only sleep is legal after lights out in the Army, so, not to be done, we all agreed to hold an informal prayer meeting, that is to say, no one was bound to the Good Book for any text which he chose to debate upon, and the following are a few of the sayings of our noble and righteous band;—

Q.—When does a little girl eat music for tea?
A.—When she has a piano-for-te.
Q.—When did Moses sleep five in a bed?
A.—When he slept with his fore-fathers.
Q.—Why is a dirty man like flannel?
A.—Because he shrinks from the wash.

V.A.D.'s OWN CORNER.

Patients, patients everywhere, can now well be said of Cooden Camp; everybody working up to time and overtime to get the Army fed and waited upon. Rumours still distant of more girls.

By the way, we much appreciate the remarks re dining-hall V.A.D.'s in last month's issue, and also the tribute to the cooking. We have been assured that this Hospital "takes the cake," though we cannot help an occasional shortage of rations. It has been whispered that turkeys and lots of good things will be the order for Xmas Day.

There is a famous rum punch, which, when concocted by a skilled hand, is guaranteed to overcome even a Sergeant-Major in ten minutes, but whether this will be put in is still a moot question.

The news from the Front was so good last week that lots of us hoped to be home by Xmas, but I guess the wily Bosch will take longer settling than that.

This has been a month not only of hard work, but of lots of fun; dances, concerts, socials and whist drives have helped to while the long evenings away.

On the 7th, a social was held in the Church Institute at Little Common, by the kindness of the Rev. and Mrs. Stuart Fox, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

The two dances given in the Massage Hut were very delightful, and all of us are looking forward to a continuance of them through the winter months.

On the 19th October, twenty members were asked to a Whist Drive at the V.A.D. Hospital, and Mrs. Bone was lucky enough to secure the first prize, a very nice necklace, made by one of the patients. Everyone had a pleasant evening, and one and all wish to thank Miss B. Bennett for the good time.

Cupid is having a gay time, notwithstanding his being kept in check rather severe by the authorities. I am not allowed to say more on this subject, interesting though it is, but you may hear lots anon.

On "Our Day" our members did very good work for the Red Cross, selling flags, emblems, etc., in the camp, where they were loyally supported by the Staff and patients, with the result that their collecting boxes were well filled. In the afternoon eight of them worked in Bexhill.

This is the only day that Red Cross members are allowed to collect in uniform. It is not quite realised what wonderful work the British Red Cross Society has done in this War. At the present time the weekly expenditure is £100,000, or £10 a minute. The following story is told in an Australian Red Cross leaflet.

It is when the boys are admitted to Hospital that they get into real touch with the Red Cross. Before that, they have either not needed it or have never come into contact with it. Only to-day a boy, who has served two years and had never had anything from the Australian Red Cross, had written to his sister to stop working for it, as it was no good, or as he put it "no bon." Before he got through, however, he found a Red Cross bag on his bed, containing everything he particularly needed—razor, shaving brush, shaving soap, toothbrush, toothpaste, hair-brush and comb, small mirror, handkerchiefs, writing pad, pencils, matches, cigarettes, pipe and tobacco. So he set to work at once to write to his sister to take back all he had said before, and to tell her to start at once and work twenty-four hours a day for the Red Cross, and to take her best Sunday-go-to-meeting hat and to go round collecting for it, as instead of being "no bon," as he had told her before, it was very much "tres biens" when a man really wanted it.

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SPACIOUS PRACTICE ROOMS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Lady Conductress of this column has, for this month, received some questions which are, in their way, most unique. Here is one, for instance:—

"How can a column of platoons advancing in single formation, change direction left when the platoon acting private Major becomes a casualty?" This is propounded by me, Militicus, who perhaps thinks he has given me a poser. Not at all. The answer, under his caption, Militicus, appears lower down.

A.Q. seizes the opportunity of this occasion to let the readers know that the Christmas Number, double, fully illustrated, replete with seasonable stories, will be published in time for transmission by post for the Ukraine and all parts of Mittel Europa, so that our friends the Kerjerko-Slapoffskis will be able to enjoy its contents around their Yule-tide logs. Croats also, and Slavs, yea, and Laodiceans, each after his kind, will devour its pages.

Again. My correspondents are very anxious to see what manner of woman I am, and so I think there can be no better opportunity of gratifying their curiosity than publishing her photograph. In the G.C.D.N. (Grand Christmas Double Number) you will therefore see a beautiful full-tone half-length picture of Aunt Queenie at her desk, and I am sure all will be enchanted therewith.

EMIGRANT.—There are many opportunities for the settler and homesteader in the country you mention. While the resources of the Eastern provinces are, to a certain extent, vast, those of the country west of the Rockies are undoubtedly vast. I often used to meet His Imperial Majesty, the Bolchevo of Sleeviak, while big game hunting, and he told me that British Columbia was as a thousand Canadas rolled into one.

PATER FAMILIAS.—The origin of the name you are researching of is as follows:—The Hebraic fraternity got such a hold on the community that they were almost slaves, and the

public rose up and determined that the Jews were to go. Hence the term was applied to the race, Jew-go Slaves. This was subsequently altered to the expression Jugo-Slavs, which was considered a "hell of a joke in those days."

(This latter phrase is introduced in the absence of the Censor, who has, unfortunately, been seized with an attack of the "Popular Complaint," to wit, Spanish Flu, a much more undesirable production than a class of onion which that country generates. The patient is, I hear from his medical adviser, now in a state of convalescence, and will be with us again 'ere these words greet the eyes of my dear readers).

MILITICUS.—Thought you would stick me up eh? Well, you did not, so there. Here is the answer from I.D. & T., 1934. On the command change direction left, right, or even about, No. 23 springs smartly to ease. Markers steady themselves, and the odd files of each succeeding rank find their way to their destination by the shortest possible route. This brings the semi-platoon in echelons of one thick with Sergeants in the ranks. An acting Corporal then calls the roll, gives numerous directions, and takes charge of the whole Fire Picquet. During the recent disturbances among the Croatian-Yugos, this arrangement was found to be very acceptable to those of superior rank to the acting Corporal, and who had seen much service abroad, somewhere in Ypres, Belgium. The Sloviak Corporal has never been on the stage, nor does he belong to the Cooden Parakeets: still we shall be charitable and presume he can act.

ROSEMARY.—I do not know the reason, but it was, as you say, very quaint of the Corporal in the Sergeants' Mess to go to the Fancy Dress Ball as a skeleton.

SISTER.—C.S.M. means Christian Science Monitor. You have a C.S.M., I think, at the head of your P.T. gentlemen who come to the Gym. They are agents for the paper of that name, and believe in many quaint practices, one of which is never to use a conveyance for going from one place to another, the result being many of them are good pedestrians. The Christian Science Monitor referred to is an excellent walker.

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WARD WHISPERS.

Some of the boys must have read the last issue of "Par's Post," as they sure have found a new excuse for coming in after hours. The original one was "Please sir, the car broke down and we had to walk home." Now it is "I lost my way trying to take a short cut home."

What would the "M.O." say if he had seen some of our "Cripples" jumping over the Breakwater on Hastings' beach last Saturday.

We understand that it is part of Corpl. A—.'s duty to escort fatigue parties to the Mess Room, but we were not aware that he was detailed to escort the V.A.D.'s to Bexhill Cinema.

Who got the leather purse picked up in the Y.M.C.A. and handed to one of the counter-attendants—and where was the notice posted?

Who said that meat was rationed at Bexhill? Some people seem to be pretty lucky anyway—may be they have a stand-in with the butcher.

Should the Allies succeed in starving Germany—would Austria be hungary?

Two noted meats in "J" Hut—Cpl. Grey-ham and Cpl. Horse-tin. (Ask the V.A.D.'s).

The M.O. informs us that fresh "hair" is the best guard against the "Flu." That is why Cooden is so well represented on Bexhill Prom.

Who is the Sergt. of the petticoat brigade who is so well liked by the men in his hut?

Little scraps of Iron
Made into a shell,
Make the mighty Kaiser
Wish us all in —.

Who is responsible for the wood in the bread-pudding dished up at the Y.M.C.A.? A suffering patient "wood" like to know.

Another woe is added to the men now. That is, some of the boys are scared if the rain keeps up much longer a submarine may come up the channel and torpedo one of the huts.

The huts up-to-date remind one of the national flower of Wales. Leaks!

If any of the men had sins, they certainly would have been washed away long before now, and left us pure as the driven snow. Snow! boys, just think of it, 10 below zero, a pair of snowshoes, and the fine crisp white snow beneath your feet. Also the girl. Don't forget the girl. Doesn't it make you feel homesick. Fine sunshine, and oh! boy, when you return, what an appetite, and what a feed. Of course, that is not here. It certainly gives you the "pip" to sit down to boiled potatoes with bones in 'em, and pudden full of sand.

Painless Dentistry.

"Come in," said the M.D. (Mechanical Dentist) after I had timidly knocked at the door.

Entering, I saw a gathering of athletic young men situated in graceful, though apparent non-chalant attitudes, around a room which was called an office, or perchance a dental parlour. My curiosity was heightened by apprehension, which latter sentiment was increased by not a little fear, which was not at all minimised by the significant winks which the young men exchanged one with another, while the head man openly licked his chops at me, as he sized up my attenuated frame and hangdog expression. Still, though an imaginative bugle was trumpeting the retreat in my listening ears, I bravely stuck to the floor. My life not being for sale, I was at some loss in that I could not decide to sell it dearly, but I was pleased to think that earlier in the morning I had written up all my S. & T. forty-fives, and that the jitney, after years of preparation, could now go from Cooden to the Post Office without stopping.

A furtive glance round the room showed me, in a far corner of a long table, a huge iron contrivance, somewhat of the bigness of a large helmet, to which was attached a metal chinstrap on hinges. It was easily seen that this was an apparatus to clamp on to a patient's head to keep him from shifting, while the chinstrap would hold his jaw immovable. Nearer, a Bunsen burner flared full on with nauseous fumes, and close by was a cauldron of boiling water in which many instruments of torture, I presume, were heating.

A quantity of reddish-looking strips of some material, which I afterwards found out to consist of alveolar tissue, were drying on a flat, dish-like structure. These had evidently been cut away from the gums of some victims, whose ill-fitting plates would not remain in their maxillary environments.

This was too much for my dentist-shocked nerves, and giving a slight cough I attempted to withdraw. *Mais non*, as the Croatian Akislooes say, this was not to be. Turning about, which I did by numbers, to show my nonchalance, I faced one of the athletic significant winks, who leered at me in a manner too horrible for words. Seeing over his shoulder, I glanced at another A.S.W. barring and bolting the door. Strong and brave as I am, I could not suppress a quake or two, and much desire to swallow, while of licking of dry lips there was no end. 'Eaven 'elp me, I thought—me last hour is come. Seeing my retreat cut off in the direction mentioned, I faced about again, endeavouring to meet my fate with calm and sweet serenity. Fearing some new horror would meet my gaze, I made my gaze dodge about and evolute, even as a hospital ship endeavouring to elude a Teutonic torpedo,

but some hypnotic influence compelled me to act as if at attention, head and eyes straight to the front and—ah, let me cover my face with a blanket, and shut out that awful view which still I see in my nightmares—(done)—.

Over in a far corner of the dungeon, alongside a peculiarly-shaped divan, stood the Chief Athletic Chop Licker, not only indulging in his favourite pastime, but horribly leering at me, and pointing to the peculiar shaped divan in question. No time did I waste in taking a seat thereon. The Athletic Assistants did not intend that I should, to judge by the swift propulsion I received in the rear, at the same time as I accepted a violent blow in the region of my cervical vertebrae. Half-stunned, and weeping bitterly, I obeyed the Chief's behest to open my mouth. In my endeavours to thoroughly oblige him I must have presented a rather large aperture, for he chucklingly informed me he was not going to get inside (terrible humour). Before I could reduce the gap he had inserted a wad of guncotton, soaked with a disgustingly-tasting fluid, into my mouth, and started to swab the thing round my palate and some inches down my windpipe, till I exhibited complete symptoms of asphyxiation, much to his Bolcheviak glee.

Leaving me for a while too helpless to escape, I indulged in a paroxysm of retching, accompanied by much illtimed ribaldry rendered by the attendant Significant Winkers.

Hardly had the last effort to rid myself of the morning meal ceased, when the Chief rushed at me again, and as I opened my mouth to cry out for help, he drove a huge metal arrangement filled with, I fully believe, quicklime and plaster of Paris in between my jaws. So much pressure did the Chief exert that some of the stuff was forced up through the Eustachian Tubes and dribbled out of my ears: while an effort to sneeze made the substance spout through my nose. An overflow from the metal container, moreover, effectively blocked my gullet and windpipe.

Imagine, if you can, my distress, with nose, ears, mouth, and other apertures bunged up. There was I trying to cough, sneeze, expectorate, and be ill at the same moment, while the Chief kept muttering all the time what sounded like pigeon English.

Would he never take the beastly thing out of my mouth? A M.Oish looking gentleman came and viewed my writhing discomfort, and I read in his eyes that he contemplated Tracheotomy. Before giving up the ghost, I tried a last experiment. Spelling out "Kamerad" on my fingers, per the deaf and dumb alphabet, I threw up my hands, that is, I raised them above my head. The result was magical. Smacking his lips with satisfaction, the Chief drew the metal affair out of my mouth, and skilfully dodged the plaster of Paris and breakfast which rapidly pursued it.

What a relief—ah, what luxury. I simply lounged in the divan and gave myself up to indulging in a good sneeze, or a cough, or a spell of *emesis*. Sometimes I changed round and started coughing first, then I would give myself up to the effects of the emetine, with which I'll swear the plaster was impregnated.

I was too exhausted to resist a second attack of metal and plaster which the Chief subjected me to, and my low state of vitality evidently warned him that a third dose would produce fatal results, in fact, he ordered one of his catifs to bring me a draught.

I do not drink (in the mornings—very rarely), and pointed to a blue ribbon worn on my tunic, indicating I had won a good conduct prize at a Total Abstiners' Institute. But in vain. The Chief came over with a handful of plaster, and flashed the beastly metal article in my face. The significance would not be misunderstood, so I licked up the rich stimulant, not bad stuff. I fancy it was what is known by frequenters of Gin Palaces as a "Double."

Shortly after, I was allowed to leave, and was again able to see the blue sky and hear the birds sing. But I was weak, and could only stagger along a short distance, when I subsided to the ground opposite the hostel, where many charming ladies reside.

These, seeing my distress, ran to my succour, and treated me with loving care. They told me subsequently that I had in my delirium repeatedly mentioned the word double, but of this I am unaware. In the end I arrived at my palatial hut, and was glad to be still alive.

L'ENVOI.

I don't know what operation the Chief conducted after I left, or how he managed to produce the effect, but the result of my Sunday's visit to his chambers is that I have now a splendid set of excellently-fitting artificial teeth, with which I can lift a chair off the ground, hang on to a rope with them while being hauled up to the roof of the Remedial Gymnasium, and am known about the place as The Man with the Iron Jaw.

Interesting Events During the Month.

Amongst the distinguished visitors to the Camp was General Sir R. E. W. Turner, G.O.C. in C. Canadians, and his staff; also Col. Mayes, who has now severed his connections with the Canadians, and taken a post with the R.A.F. During the September month, we regret that, owing to an error, several items were omitted from the Paper.

Our most distinguished visitor was H.R.H. Prince Albert, who came to visit the Camp in the early part of September. The Duke and Duchess of Somerset also came to see the working of the various Departments. The Duke was much interested in the Massage work, which is certainly doing its share towards helping the men to a normal condition of health once more.

In this connection, we would like to say that Matron de Merrall is the shining light, and she arrived during the month of September to organize a school of masseurs. The Matron certainly has the welfare of the patients at heart, as what she cannot enveigle from the Red Cross Society, she is looking round to steal from elsewhere. She is also much interested in dancing, and has been the means of getting together a few Staff and patients to enjoy a very pleasant evening at a number of dances which have been held.

Sisters Regan and Murray are also with us now, and are doing everything in their power to help the Matron in her work, and the pleasure which the several dances have given to the Staff and patients. The Hallowe'en Dance, which was to have been held on the last Thursday of the month, has been unavoidably cancelled owing to the prevalence of influenza, which is now ripe in England. We trust that the coming month will resume normal conditions, and that we shall be able to carry out the programme without any further hitch for the month of December.

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The Derelict's Return.

Lying alone in a shell-hole,
 His life was fading fast,
 But a phantom host was gathered round,
 And he thought of the days long past,
 And his eyes lit up with a sparkle,
 For he felt he'd conquered at last.

Back there he'd been a drifter,
 Derelict on the sea of life,
 All were glad to see him go,
 Even his own young wife,
 For the craze for drink had got him,
 And wherever he went there was strife.

Filled with the spirit of wanderlust,
 Which flowed through the blood in his veins,
 He started out on the highway of life,
 With the average amount of brains,
 But his restless spirit would not submit,
 To life with its aches and pains.

And soon he took to the drinking habit,
 With thoughts of his empty purse,
 Till it gradually got the upper hand,
 And he went from bad to worse.
 Till even his friends of by-gone days,
 Only spoke his name with a curse.

And here we find him, out in the night,
 With that phantom host near-by,
 They were men and women whom he had
 wronged,
 And he started up with a cry,
 "Oh God, be merciful to me,
 And leave me alone to die."

And suddenly his skies were brightened,
 They approached him one at a time,
 And they spoke in the tone of forgiveness,
 And he raised himself from the grime.
 And the first that spoke was the wife he had left,
 In his days of darkest crime.

He stretched his arms to receive her,
 As she knelt down by his side,
 And he felt her arms about him,
 And the soul that was in him cried ;
 "Thank God for your coming to help me
 Across the Great Divide."

And one by one the others came,
 And each in their turn forgave,
 The man who had caused their misery,
 As he lay in his open grave.
 For his deeds on the field of battle
 Had shown a heart that was brave.

For out there the drink curse he'd conquered,
 And he longed to make amends,
 For the misery he'd caused to many,
 Even his dearest friends.
 And his deeds prove to us that life
 Upon circumstances depend.

For he made of his life a sacrifice,
 Risking it each day,
 To help his comrades as they fell,
 And bear them safely away.
 Each time returning for others,
 Not caring what came in his way.

Till that day while doing his duty,
 A German sniper had tried,
 Not once, but half a dozen times,
 To down this man who defied.
 And at last a bullet found him,
 And pierced his aching side.

And there he fell in the shell-hole,
 His duty was done at last,
 With nobody there to help him,
 Only the ghosts of the past.
 For the blood was flowing freely,
 And his life was ebbing fast.

And one by one they vanished,
 These spirits of the night,
 Alone with his Maker they left him,
 A victim of the fight.
 But he'd won a greater battle,
 In those hours of fading light.

And so like many another,
 Mending a broken bond,
 The hand of God stretched o'er him,
 Like a mighty magic wand.
 His life the price of forgiveness,
 He passed to the great Beyond.

—A. J. S.

The Leadswinger.

The Sergeant and the Corporal
 Go shuvveling down the ward,
 The Corporal he can barely walk,
 The Sergeant groans "My Gawd."

The Major and the Captain watch,
 And think, poor fellows they
 Will not be fit for active work
 Till quite a distant day.

The Sergeant and the Corporal
 Wait by the Dining Hall ;
 But for their trusty walking sticks,
 They look as though they'd fall.

The other patients start aside,
 To let them stumble in,
 To jostle such a crippled pair
 Would be a mortal sin.

The Sergeant and the Corporal
 Go strolling on the links,
 The Sergeant says, "We're out of sight,"
 And gives two lively winks.

Upon their shoulders go their canes,
 They set a lively pace ;
 And both, without the slightest limp,
 Start on a walking race.



Football is now holding the boards in the athletic interest of Camp, but we would like here to review shortly the very successful work of our Baseball team during the season recently closed. The team went through the two series of the Bexhill Area league with the loss of only one game (and that by the score of 11-10). Most of our games were won by large margins, specially in the second series of the league. With the team we had at the end of the summer, and after winning the area championship, we had high hopes of bringing honour to Cooden in the Ali-Canadian championships. Unfortunately, because our league was not officially recognised by the C.M.A.A., we were not allowed into the semi-finals. We at least had the satisfaction of playing the Engineers, the final winners, who beat us, in very bad weather, by a score of 8-5: and of playing Epsom, the runners-up, on their own grounds, where we were only beaten by a score of 1-0, the only run being scored on an error. Altogether, we were well satisfied with the work of the team, and have every reason to be proud of it. C.S.M. Walker, of the P.T. Dept., deserves credit for his efficient management of the team. He tells us that the prospects for next summer are very bright.

The Football team has made a good start in the Area League by winning the first two games. The team was up against the Can. Trench Warfare for the opening game, and scored in the first minute of play. At no time were they at all hard pressed, and the final score was 8-0. Sergt. Roberts, Captain of the team, played a great game at centre-half; Elliott figured strongly in the scoring, and his footwork was very clever. Staff-Sergt. Woolley played a smart game in goal. Sergt. Bailey was right there every time, taking advantage of all chances, and giving the opposing backs a busy time. The second game was against Hastings Hospital, and was a fairly easy win by 9-0. Our chances in the League look very bright.

The athletic body which supervises all branches of sports in the Canadian Forces in Great Britain is the Canadian Military Athletic Association. All Championships are arranged by this Association. In order to give our Hospital and other units in this area a fair chance to get into the various championships, a branch of the C.M.A.A. has been organized for this area, to be known as

the Bexhill Area. In this way, winners of our local leagues will be eligible to enter the Canadian Championships. This means that in Tennis, Baseball, Soccer, Boxing, Swimming, Athletics, Cross-country Running, etc., our men will have the opportunity to compete against the best in England.

Cooden Camp Chess Club.

To the members of this most noble and ancient order of the four C's, ye official tabulator wishes to express his regret at the non-appearance of important information last month. He is compelled to assure enthusiastic readers that weeks of brain fag and tons of ice were wasted, absolutely wasted somewhere between the tabulator's sanctum and the house of the descendant of Caxton.

After the above B.S., I beg pardon, M.S., or part of one, it might be as well to get on to a little serious talk. Now, for one thing, winning members are becoming more and more shy in recording the result of their games, making it frightfully hard for that gentleman known as the scribe to hand down to posterity a faithful record of the doings of the noble order.

Since the formation, over threescore and ten men have enjoyed the privilege of membership, including Staff and boys in blue, many passing from the lowest to highest ranks, through knight-hood to the throne. Ptes. Crookall, Coyne, Rabinowitz and Tarant are past Kings, and at present the standing is:—

King—	Capt. Conron.
Queen—	Mr. Greenslade.
Castle—	Pte. Tarant.
Bishops—	L.-Cpl. Luckcraft.
	Pte. Pearson.
Knights—	Cadet Cushing.
	Pte. Brownlee.
	Gnr. Pallett.
	Cpl. Hesketh.
	Pte. Gordon.
	Pte. Shannard.
Pawns—	Capt. Cross.
	L.Cpl. Craig.
	Cpl. McCaskill.
	Pte. Blanche.
	Tpr. Green.
	Pte. Large.
	Pte. Elliman.

For the benefit of new comers to this Camp this information is handed out. The Club was formed to encourage chess players to organise, and if possible to improve their play, and also to instruct those desirous of learning this ancient, yet up-to-date, most interesting and most scientific of indoor games. The games are played in the "Y," and, for information, again it may be as well to reiterate the system of the Club. Every member is a pawn on joining, and beating a pawn twice or a knight once, he becomes a knight, and so on right up to King. Membership is open and free to all, staff and patients alike. Look on the notice board at the "Y" for particulars.

C. A. H. Notes.

Before "Pat's Post" appears the Catholic Hut should be open. And I'm wondering who will be more pleased—the boys in the Camp or the workers in the Hut. For if the boys have felt the loss of the Hut, so, by all accounts, have the workers. They say they're spoiling for want of a job.

During the last few weeks, while the new sectional Hut was being erected, the Canteen work was necessarily suspended. The C.A.H. Office was the only rallying point. This is exactly 8 feet by ten, and in this space the piano found a temporary home, and here the *Parakeets* used to assemble, to practice over their songs, or to try out their patter.

The official shack contained but five chairs and a piano stool: and with a Parakeet on each chair, and perhaps two perched on the piano stool, the official quarters used to become somewhat congested.

We were seriously thinking of having "The Aviary" printed over the door. But instead of this, someone dubbed it "The Coop," because of the various fowl to be found there.

"Umph!" said a Sergeant one day, with a gloomy shake of his head, "but you do gather together some queer birds in this hut of yours."

"You're not speaking of Parakeets, I hope?"

"Well, no," he responded, "I was thinking of some clinkites and others."

"As for that," I said, "I never know whether those boys are my friends because they get into clink, or whether they get into the clink because they are my friends. Anyway, I don't know a better bunch of boys than you'll find in that clink. All that is wrong with them is misdirected energy."

Business hours in the shack were never dull. Sometimes it was a new man trying to find a cup of tea, somewhere or anywhere. With pen poised in mid-air I would say—"No tea, nothing but a cigarette." And provided I could find a match, too, all was well. If not, off he'd dart, or hobble, as the case might be—borrow a light, and come back for a chat.

One day a man came into the shack with something on his mind. We didn't get on to it for some time. Then he started in about his girl and the difficulty of taking a girl out to the pictures on £2 a month. "And so yer lets the girl pay—wall! I guess yer feels like a peahen with its tail feathers pulled off."

Well, from that, we got on by slow stages to letter-writing. He then asked me if I'd write a letter for him to his girl.

"All right," I said, taking up my pen. "Just tell me what you want to say." At that, he paused.

"I was figurin'—as maybe yer'd know," he said, tentatively.

"Well, after all, she's *your* girl," I objected.

"She sure is," he answered with spirit, "but happens," he drawled slowly, "I'm not much

good at making up a story."

"Neither am I," said I, "no good at all at fiction."

But he sat there undisturbed at the deadlock, chewing tobacco and expectorating thoughtfully from time to time. The responsibility of thinking it out was left to me. After some minutes I broke the silence. "How about getting down to business," I asked. "I guess we'd better," he agreed, "for the boys'll be lining up presently for supper," which showed that if that Yank was madly in love, he still retained this mental balance on essentials.

"She writes good," he said, fragmentarily, handing me a few of his love letters, "and she is good, too, and that's a cinch, for I've tempted her every ways I have, and that's straight talk."

"Need you have done that," I asked.

"Bet yer life," said he, "fur if I hadn't tried her out, I might 'a took a wrong 'un." "Yes," he said, with finality, "when it comes to marryin' you wants 'er to be good for sure."

"All the same," I said, with equal firmness, "I don't think you need patent your method."

It took some time to write that letter, but eventually it was completed, and he carried it off to the post.

I haven't seen him since, but I hear that he's in hospital—at Eastbourne, where his girl is. Now what I want to know is, whether he's really ill? And if not, what was his particular method of "swinging the lead?" For if he was such a poor hand at making up a story to tell the girl, how did he hand out such a successful story to the M.O.? Verily the ways of men are strange, and hard to be understood of the people (or at least of that section that wears skirts). Anyway if that seafaring man was no scholar, neither was he a fool, for he had to make Eastbourne, and he did, "sure."

Other times another boy in blue would blow in, and, sitting down, would smoke in silence while I grappled with measurements for linoleum.

"Well!" I'd say over my shoulder, "anything doing?"

"Yep! up for orderly room this morning."

"What have you done?" I'd ask. Then he'd tell me. Perhaps it wasn't much—knocking down an N.C.O. or something like that.

"Any extenuating circumstances?" I'd demand, quite impartially. He'd mention it.

"Think you'll get away with it?" I'd say, anxiously.

"Sure!" was the firm reply, given with entire conviction.

"Of course, you might," I'd say, hopefully, "because the C.O. is awfully sensible like that."

After studying his watch again, he'd get up. "Guess I'd better beat it." Then, as he moved off, "I'll look in again this afternoon—to let you know." But when the afternoon came, and he didn't, I'd know the inevitable had happened, and the clink had again swallowed up a friend:

And so they drifted in and out of the Coop—electricians and engineers, builders and fuel con

trollers, military policemen, orderlies, batmen, transport men—and then suddenly, out of the blue, would come the engineer sergeant to ask things.

One day he loomed up with this request:—"Could you possibly have twenty-one curtains ready to hang up in forty-eight hours? because the men are going to work by night, and the lighting regulations will have to be considered."

Then followed a breathless period when every man that looked into the shack was pressed into the service. Parakeets got busy measuring off material in feet, where a mere woman thought it out in yards: contortionists did great execution with pairs of scissors, slicing up lengths of cretonne and casement cloth. Machines whirled, one with a sergeant's wife in control, the other with a Canadian sister behind it. The result was that those twenty-one curtains, each five feet long (not counting decorations) were rushed through and up—in the required time.

My! But it was a hustle, and some of us haven't got our breath yet.

Yes, we're glad those nice Canadian Sisters have arrived; and still more, that they have volunteered as workers in the Catholic Army Hut. For already they have made a difference, both medically and socially, in the life of the Camp—bringing in with them a delightful home atmosphere, which the gymnasium staff has been quick to appreciate. May they tarry long among us, or if not long, at least for 'the duration.'

From the above you might think that life was all joy in the C.A.H. But it isn't, for several frequenters of the Hut have been snatched from us, and have left a big gap by their going.

Pte. Murphy, who of all green Parakeets, was one of our best and greenest, has spread his wings and flown to Shorncliff neighbourhood, where his services were immediately captured for a Concert Party. While wishing luck to the Shorncliff Troupe, we wish Murphy were back, for the Parakeets are not themselves at all, at all, since Murphy quitted the nest.

Another whose loss we regret is Sergt.-Major Weeks, who from the first beginnings of the C.A.H. has always proved himself a friend. Latterly, as Hon. Accountant also, he has been an invaluable help. Totting up figures and balancing accounts are not what you'd call

exhilarating, and yet he did this and more, for the sake of the work we are doing; and for our part we wish to express to him here and now our appreciation of his disinterested kindness.

Indeed, we have reason to be grateful to very many in the Camp for the ready way in which they come to our help. I have a private theory which explains it. I think it is due to the natural sense of gallantry which is inborn in every Canadian. The C.A.H. is manned entirely by women (which sounds a paradox, but isn't), and for this reason the men in Camp think it is up to them to help us out. And they certainly do.

"Isn't this Hut rather a big thing to run?" asked a visitor one day.

"Well, you might think so, to look at it," I said, "but the thing runs itself—with everybody in the Camp helping!"

But of all the men who have helped us, first and foremost come the Engineers. They are of the very best, and the way they have worked overtime, after a full day's work, is beyond all praise. All the inside painting of the new Hut and all the fixtures have been done by them, and the whole-hearted way in which they have thrown themselves into the work is something for which we can never sufficiently thank them. But it is something that we shall always be glad to remember.

I mentioned something of this to one of the men recently, and his answer explained much and conveyed more.

"I guess the reason we've worked so hard is because we have a Sergeant and a Corporal who give us a good lead. When they take off their coats and start in, we reckon it is up to us to carry on. And I doubt if any praise from an outside source could be as gratifying to those concerned as this criticism from one of their own men."

So here's to them: Sergeant, Corporal, and Sappers, by whose untiring labour the Catholic Army Hut is now finished and ready for use.

I think all the boys in the Camp realize that the Hut belongs to them, and that they are welcome every time they come. What they haven't known and have been constantly asking is: "When will it be open?" The answer is—"Now, straight away!"

—MAY QUINLAN.

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Before the Dawn.

The scene was India, and it all happened during the awful Mutiny. Things were very quiet at the Hill Station, and Col. Ross and the majority of Officers under his command had gone on a tiger-shooting expedition. Left in command of the Fort was Major Ross, the Colonel's cousin, and in his care was left Jimmie Ross, the Colonel's only son, and the pet of the Officers' Mess.

Jimmie was a fine wee lad, and had almost been spoiled by the Officers and men of the garrison. His mother was miles and miles away in England, where she stayed because of her delicate health, and every man in the Fort seemed to have the idea that it was his duty to "Mother" the Colonel's son. However, there remained yet in the lad fine streaks of manliness that bore out the fact that he was his father's son, and of good fighting stock.

One day, however, just at noon, and the sun was glaring down fiercely, and the whole Fort was taking its siesta, a mighty yell rang out as from a thousand throats, and hordes of crazy fanatics rushed the fort, and in a few minutes the scene was changed from a place of lazy droning flies and sleeping inhabitants to one of terrible carnage. No one had been prepared, news of the native rising had not yet come up from the south, and the attack came with the suddenness of a cloud-burst.

Major Ross and Jimmie were sleeping in their bungalow when the attack took place, and their resistance was less than useless against such overwhelming odds, so they were both quickly bound and carried off through the battered gates of the fallen Fort, thrown across horses, and the whole tribe faded to the hills again as quickly as they descended. Once in the rocky fastness where the tribe had made their headquarters, the captors unloosed the two prisoners and threw them into a cave together, and left a strong guard over them.

The Major was grave and white to the lips: maybe he realised their position much more than the lad, whose lips were almost bitten red in his effort to stifle back his tears and sobs, and for a long while neither had much to say. Presently, however, a tall, black-bearded, swarthy tribesman came in with a note from his chief and gave it to the Major, who, on reading it, started back with an appalled stare, and crumpled the note into a paper ball, threw it on the floor, and sank with a look of despair to the ground.

"What is it, sir," cried the boy, and for a while no answer was forthcoming, then the Major said, in slow measured tones, "My boy,

they have been good to us, much better than I expected. One must live and the other must die, and it is left to us to choose."

Then out came Jimmie's breed. Without a moment's hesitation he marched across the cave and saluted the Major, and spoke in a voice without a tremble. "Sir, I shall stay, I am a nobody and of no account: you are an Officer and can be of some use to our country yet, therefore, it is you who must take the opportunity to return to the Fort, and then, maybe, you will avenge me." Jimmy's voice broke then, and he took from his pocket a silver watch that had been given to him on his fourteenth birthday by his father, and a locket containing his mother's picture. He kissed both and handed them to the Major. "Give these to Dad and Mother, and tell them I died as Dad would have liked me to—like a soldier."

Just at dawn, into the darkened doorway of the cave stepped the Chief, and with him were four tribesmen armed with rifles. He spoke to the Major in Hindustani, and said, "Have you chosen?" The Major answered, "Yes, it is the boy."

Tears stood in the Major's eyes as he grasped the hands of Jimmie, who was unable to speak. "Good-bye, laddie, good-bye," was all the Major could say. Then, for a short space of time a glance of admiration showed in the eyes of the fanatic chief, as he grasped the shoulders of the boy roughly to hustle him out of the cave, but it was just a glance and then it changed to one of fierce hate and cruelty.

The party left the room, and for a while all was silence, and the Major sank to the ground with a look of utter despair, then, with startling suddenness, shots rang out, and for the moment, the Major thought that Jimmie had gone to his death: but hark, what was that, a cheer, surely not. Yes, there it rang again, first a shrill bugle call, then a wild hurrah, and shots were flying everywhere. Out to the doorway rushed the Major, and he beheld the tribesmen flying in all directions, and British troops were pouring into the rocky fastness from a dozen different ways.

Jimmie had been placed with his back to a large rock, and the firing party were drawn up, when the attack broke loose, and the first man to jump over the rocky parapet was his father, Col. Ross, who led the storming troops. He saw Jimmie, and rushed towards him, and the first party rushed away, too eager to save their own skins to think about Jimmie. The father and son clasped one another in a tight embrace for a moment, and then the Col. suddenly remembered the firing party, and asked Jimmie what it meant. In a few words Jimmie told his story, and then his father's face was rigid and stern, and for a while his look boded ill for his cousin,

He strode to the doorway of the cave and met his cousin face to face, and for a while it seemed as though he could not contain himself and would leap at the other's throat.

"You miserable coward, what have you to say, you hound," came from the Colonel's lips in a rush. "Nothing," replied his cousin, with downcast head.

"Then, by God, you shall die as you would have had my son die," and drew his revolver from its holster and pointed it towards the Major. Just then, Jimmie came and rushed between them, and as his father glanced toward the boy, he saw the crumpled ball of paper on the floor of the cave and stooped to pick it up. He opened it and smoothed it out and read it, then a glance of understanding flashed over his face and he strode towards the Major, and said, "Forgive me, cousin, you are a man," and shook him warmly by the hand.

The note read in Hindustani, "One must be shot at dawn, and the other dies by torture, at noonday. Ye must choose."

It was the darkest hour before the dawn.

—IRVING HEATON.

By-Products.

Prior to the declaration of war on August 4th, 1914, and even for some time after, but little attention was paid to the conservation of By-Products, and large quantities of Bones and Dripping, containing propellant power for millions of shells, were allowed to go to waste. The world was at the apex of an era of extravagance, and it was not until the seriousness of the situation was realized by the statesmen of the various nations of war, that scientists began conducting research work into the various commodities that were formerly considered waste products. The result of their investigations proved that untold quantities of residue from the kitchens and messes had been wasted, which, if they had been properly conserved, would have added enormously to the power of the nations, and would have made a very material reduction in the National Debt.

When Cooden Camp was first taken over by the Canadians, one of the first considerations in

the authorized establishments of the Staff was the By-Products' section. The N.C.O. who was placed in charge of this very important work was, at its inception, and who is still at the helm, is universally acknowledged to be the finest "waist" expert in the Camp. From early morning till 2100 o'clock he can be seen at his duties in every part of the Camp. During the day his chief centre of activity is the Patients' Kitchen, where the greatest amount of "waist" is to be seen, and nothing escapes his eagle eye. He is usually seen when stationed there conversing (No! I mean conserving) Bones, of which there are two varieties recognized by the By-Products' experts, viz., "Marrow" and "Other." Dripping is also classified under two headings, "White" and "Brown." During the day his chief attention in the Dripping line is with the White. In the evening he can still be seen pursuing "waist" products, and his attention then is generally centered in the other variety. At the By-Products' plant a large press is installed to extract the Dripping from its various sources, but as this press is so cumbersome it is not employed in the gloaming, and so mechanical pressure is dispensed with outside the limits of the Camp.

Associated with him are four other enthusiasts in this great work of reclamation of waste products. Each man is an expert in his special line, and all are hard and willing workers in the conservation of By-Products. Everything that is liable to be of the slightest value, or that has any element in its composition that is of any use for the successful prosecution of the war, is gathered in and taken to the By-Products' plant, where it is put through the latest processes known to science. Nothing is wasted, and the assortment that can be seen there is, indeed, a varied one. All residue from the kitchens and messes, such as bones, meat, scraps, fat, etc., are to be found there, and even books, newspapers, magazines, picture postcards, photographs, bottles, cigarette boxes, salmon cans, leather, rabbit skins, and other articles too numerous to mention, can be seen there at any time. It is even rumoured that surplus kittens from the Camp, and even hound puppies, are not spared the miseries of the dripping press, so universal are the activities of the By-Products' section. One of the members of the section, especially, is an enthusiast in the conservation of maritime by-products, and nearly every evening, and often in the early morning, he can be seen swimming in the English Channel, on the look-out for any salvage of value from torpedoed ships.

When the history of this great war is written, we are certain that no small portion of it will be devoted to the activities of Cooden Camp's By-Products' Section, and their great work will be greatly appreciated by the Canadian Public, and the Empire as a whole.

France via the Depot.

I won't describe the life at the Depot to any great extent, as most of the readers of *Pat's Post* are only too familiar with it, but I will just tell you enough to make you envious and wish you had been in my shoes when I left "happy" Cooden. It is an old saying of Biblical origin, I believe, that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." This being so, a certain spot "Somewhere in England" should be a suburb of Heaven, but it ain't. Like Heaven, the Depot is a place where everything is "bright and shining," but unlike Heaven, it has many "partings" especially from a financial point of view. The "Other Rank" and the Paymaster certainly do not think alike. The former would like many shekels on pay day, but the latter, with a paternal solicitude for days to come (*apres la guerre*)—war is feminine, I think—thinks otherwise, and doles out ten bob or a pound—more frequently the former amount.

SOME IMPRESSIONS—THE DEPOT.

My first experience at the Depot was being told by a certain Sergeant that I was a d—d fool—I think he said a d—d *old* fool—for leaving such a home as Cooden; and after a few days cutting wood with an infernal machine that tried hard to include the tips of your fingers in the operation, polishing brass, boots and other things, I came to have very much the same opinion.

THE BEST OF FRIENDS PART.

I was just getting on the most friendly terms with the infernal machine, after about seven days' close intimacy—6 a.m. to 5 p.m. every day—when I was called off to try conclusions with a "Box Respirator"—in other words, qualify for Overseas by taking a "Gas" course. For six days I and twenty-five others were instructed how to know gas and how to prevent it having any ill effects. I might here mention that previous to the official course we had, more or less, been fairly well prepared by the "knowing ones" as to what we might expect. Some of the tales (from experience) told us were gruesome in the extreme, and cases were known where men had gone into the gas chamber white, and were carried out a beautiful black or blue. The only things about me that were black when I emerged from the gas chamber were my buttons and badges. Anyway, the course was not so bad as we were led to expect, and the whole crowd passed the final tests with *eclat*, and there were no casualties.

Another experience at the Depot, and one that has far-reaching effects that will last for all time, and that is, you are taught how to polish buttons—back as well as front—without staining your tunic. This is a very valuable thing to know, and should prove most useful at the Front. Five weeks of careful tuition, and I was declared a fit and proper person to proceed Overseas, and for

the fourth, and a last time, I was put on a French Draft—to stay.

AMBITION REALIZED.

The next few days were busy ones, what with blanching equipment, medical inspections and other inspections, and then, on a long-to-be remembered Tuesday afternoon, headed by the band, we marched to the port of embarkation. At last we were off to "Where things are doing."

The march to the boat was quite an event, and if it hadn't been for the weight of that—ahem—pack and the pouring rain would have been quite enjoyable. Our conducting Officer was quite a wit in rather a heavy way, and some of his sayings caused quite a spirit of merriment amongst the men, which decidedly relieved the tedium of the march. He very kindly told the men that they were to look "straight to ze front" when marching to attention, and that he would do the "looking back at the pretty girls for them." "Kind of him, wasn't it." Anyway, it was raining hard, and there were no pretty girls about, so I wasn't tempted to disobey orders.

Arrived at the Quay, we had about an hour's wait, while the various units represented and the leave men embarked. I was just figuring out the most comfortable part of the ship to make for, when a khaki-clad individual with a band on his arm, bearing the legend "Ship's Sergeant Major," told me I was to be marker for our draft. Now—what in the "Kaiser" does a marker do, I thought; but I wasn't going to give the C.A.M.C. away, so I said "O.K." It meant that I had to stop on deck—it was pouring with rain and d—d cold, and my greatcoat was in my pack—with all the other markers, during the trip across, then do as I was told when we reached the other side.

An awful sound, like the siren giving warning of an air raid, suddenly rent the air, and we were off. In a few minutes there was a W.O. 1st Class, who clung to the bridge ladder—rattling nautical terms I believe—at my side. I thought at the time he must have been banqueting before he left his unit. I was in pretty good company during that memorable crossing. "I think all within touch were W.O.'s or Staffs—or is it Stave? Anyway, all the decorated ones were ill, in proportion to their rank. I was so tickled that I quite forgot to join them until it was too late, and I found myself wandering, in the dark, through the streets of a French port, *trying to mark* for my own special bunch. After what seemed like a journey, somebody told me to stand "thaar," and I stood "thaar." After I had stood "thaar" about—it seemed a h— of a time, and I was wondering if I was marking right, a voice shouted "Here's Dad." It was the first time I did not mind being called Dad. I would have hugged the chap if he had called me "Grandad." I guess I was a success as a marker—for the draft had found me—in France.

—D.G.F.

(To be continued).

London's Pigeons.

In the heart of mighty London,
I have heard the Pigeons coo,
And I've stood amazed and wondered,
As hundreds round me flew.

I have paused by Westminster Abbey,
Alone in that sacred spot,
And watched the beautiful Pigeons,
And pondered o'er life's strange plot.

I've stood 'midst crowds and wondered,
At the tameness of the dove,
While the chimes of great Westminster
Peeled forth Christ's call above.

There too, in the vast Metropolis,
All hurry, flurry and strife,
Where all tender thought seems throttled,
By the great mad rush for life.

I've watched from my window at Morley's
The doves in Trafalgar square,
And have seen them light on the shoulders
Of people lingering there.

Amidst all the mad whirl of living,
Or in Westminster's peaceful shade,
You will find the wonderful Pigeons
Quite tame and unafraid.

I have seen a maid in a window,
In the City's humblest place,
Caressing those beautiful Pigeons,
With loving tender grace.

And a beautiful thought came to me,
That perhaps each silver dove
Was a "carrier" sent with a message
From the great White World above.

Not all may read the message,
So few have time for thought,
But many the heart has been lightened
By the message the Pigeon's brought.

—L.B.

Echoes from Massage Department.

She used to sit upon his lap,
As happy as could be,
But now it makes her seasick,
He has water on the knee.

WHAT IS A NUT ?

When you've cats in your belfry that flut,
When your comprenez-vous rope is cut,
When you've nobody home,
In the top of your dome,
Then your head's not a head, it's a nut.

When one doctor doctors another doctor, does
the doctoring doctor doing the doctoring doctor
the other doctor like the other doctor like the
doctoring doctor to do the doctoring : or does
the other doctor, doctoring the doctor, doctor
him like the doctor doing the doctoring want to
doctor him.

What was the outcry, when the beloved Mascot
of the Massage Dept. was lost. "Satan is loose."

Why do they call the new Mascot "Carpenter ?"
Ask the Matron.

Why is the corner empty and the boys in
mourning for one month ?

Are white sweaters Uniform or Vexatious ?

Hotel de Clink,
Cooden Camp,
25th October, 1918.

Dear Editor,

Kindly accept a little spasm from the under-
world, with apologies to the Psalmist :—

1. The Provost Sergeant is my Shepherd, I shall not want another.
2. He maketh me to lie down on the hard side of soft bedboards, he leadeth me past the Wet Canteen.
3. He restoreth my pay, he leadeth me in the paths of usefulness for the Orderly Officers' sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of brooms and brushes I will scrub under protest, for his friends and his Staff they haunt me.
5. He prepareth a crime sheet before me, in the presence of mine enemies, he anointeth my head with more crimes, my cup of curses runneth over.
6. Surely a lock and key will follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the home of the friendless forever.

—THE ACCUSED.

A Write-up on this Month's Sketches.

The first sketch this week is a hint to the owner of the geese behind the camp. It is nearing Xmas, and quite a number of men have determined to have goose for Xmas' dinner. Another thing is, they have caused quite a commotion now and again, also bad language, as they make a noise something akin to a crowd at a ball game. Numbers have had a terrible disappointment.

The second is of the rain. Rain! Lordy how it rained. No wonder the "flu" is knocking around. Our latest is a newspaper queue, and it is nothing to see two hundred of the boys lined up for a paper. As I promised the girlies, here is the ideal V.A.D. Someone suggested B.V.D., which, interpreted, means, Be Very Dainty. Football has now commenced, and for the first two games it simply poured down. "Nuff sed."

Our last is of a Sergeant patient with a flapper. In his words, she was about 200-lbs., and had a moustache about a quarter of an inch long, and eyes like an octopus. Some description and some flapper. The umbrella. Oh! Thereby hangs a tale. Ask the Sergeant.

The second page of sketches, illustrating "An Example to the Troops," is something that happened to our artist on a London 'bus. After much struggling, the top of the 'bus was reached to find there was only one seat vacant, which was in front of an Officer. This was quickly filled by our artist, who was smoking one of the wildest of the wild. As you have experienced, when one of these vehicles moves along, there is quite a draught. There was a draught this day, too, and it blew the ash from the cigarette right into the Officer's eye. Of course, here was an opportunity for the Officer to show the superiority of his rank, or his rank superiority, for, as you know, if the Officer had been in front and the private behind, it would have been quite another matter. To proceed. The aforesaid Officer stood up on the 'bus, which is strictly against the rules, and in the words of the poet proceeded to ball the supreme . . . out of the man of the pencil, which was very bad form, as you will agree. Needless to say, our artist was absolutely smitten dumb when he happened to notice the Mons Ribbon on the breast of the Officer. Then a great light burst upon him. Here's a fine chance for *Pat's Post*. Here was a man getting the wind up because of a little cigarette ash, but probably whilst in Flanders, half of that country down-trodden by the Hun, and blown up by the Allies, may have hit him in some part of the anatomy, and he probably smiled and yelled "Give 'em h— boys." Hence the sketch.

They met for just a moment,

They may never meet again,

For she was only a Jersey cow,

And he a passing train.

OUR OFFICERS.

AN APPRECIATION BY PRIVATE X.,
SENIOR BATMAN, C.A.M.C.

Having been asked by the Editor of our popular *Post* to write an article on the subject mentioned above, I wasn't exactly asked to write it, I merely thought it would be a good way to put in my spare time. The following are my impressions of our Officers. As you all know, our life is a busy one, but full of interest, and to a keen observer, such as I must modestly admit, the opportunities given to study the various types of men going to make up "Our Mess" are many. I could fill a book with the many bright and intimate sayings of the Officers here, but, alas, there is the Censor, and "that's that." The first thing that struck me on assuming my position of †S.B. was unexpected, to say the least. Still accidents will happen, and perhaps that is the reason why a certain Subaltern's boots were done with black instead of tan polish on my second day's duty. In time, however, I learned that "Our Mess" contained about twenty or thirty Officers, all of whom have rooms in a long corridor, and with which the doors opening on each side always puts me in mind of a rabbit warren or a sleeping car in our own country. At night the latter description is the more accurate. The similarity being further heightened by the use of one's ears: and now for the individual Officers. Of course, in such an article as this, you cannot go by seniority, or even begin at the beginning. It's usually possible to just begin. In every Mess you have extreme types, the gloomy and the joyous, the Westerner and the Easterner, etc., and so we have here.

For example, going back again to my first morning on duty, while bustling down the corridor, I was surprised and delighted to hear joyous bursts of song rendered in a loud, manly voice, to what I believed at first an unusual accompaniment. Stopping entranced before the door from which these sounds issued, I soon discovered, by the use of those faculties of mine before referred to, that the owner of this voice was a very important person, who, when in full kit, was called the "Voice of the O.C." The strange accompaniment was curiously like Tennyson's brook, being indeed the noise of a shower bath. I should like to "enlarge" on this subject, but am reminded that he is a very dangerous man to cross, having complete control of our destinies in the matter of passes and leave.

Across the Hall from the Adjutant, lives a merry wag, whom I soon found out was a prominent member of the "Early and Late" club, with reference to bed. This Officer has a friend, "full, fat and forty," living in the next room to him. Often in the evening while on my rounds, I have paused outside the door of the younger Officer's room and listened. I confess it to the

most edifying and instructive conversations which so frequently took place between them. The elder of the two Officers came I gathered, from the West, while the younger, but not any more innocent one, came from the Capital. Although so widely separated by birth and locality, they became twin souls as the evening drew into the night. One expression frequently used by the younger, to the vast amusement of the elder, was a curious one, and one which puzzled me for some time. It was tacked on to so many of the *S.O.'s (younger Officer) most humorous speeches. It consisted of two words, "And you." The elder Officer held a most important office in the hospital, and was a known and respected authority on stationery. He also had some other duty, but I cannot remember hearing what it was. Across the Hall from the Registrar was a room, the door of which remained closed for such long periods that it aroused in me all the curiosity that was so fatal to the women of Bluebeard's family. Consequently, I determined to find out the name and particulars of the Officer who lived in it. It belonged to a very prominent and highly-placed Officer, who, like the S.O. came from the Valley "without the shadow of Fear." This Officer, I learned, could be all things, at all times, to all people. Sometimes he "boarded in," other times "boarded out." He could be Adjutant and could be S.O., but each time he changed his work his appearance also altered. His outstanding characteristic was a pronounced and violent optimism, especially on the value of the No. 13.

Beside this Officer was the room allotted to the very highest Officer we had. He was an elocutionist of merit, at least my chum, the Junior Batman, told me; that on one occasion when he (junior) appeared before him (highest) at a private rehearsal in the office, his rendering of the difficult masterpiece from K.R. & O. "14 days F.P., No. 11," left him speechless. The mind of the soldier was to him an open book, and the devious subtleties of the transgressor

explaining the unexplainable left him cold. At the end of the corridor nearest our quarters lived an Officer who devoted his life to perfecting a system of expression for the various forms of energy which he contended were concealed in the human body. His experiments were conducted solely on others, this being another of his theories, that to learn one must observe, and he could not in justice observe himself nor trust any one to observe him. He was referred to by his less favoured brothers as P.T. 2, or "General."

In the next room to P.T. 2 lived our most studious Officer, quiet and unassuming in manner, but with a fund of professional learning which had earned for him the title of the "Physician," and to his humanity he owed his other nom-de-plume, "The People's Friend." His detractors have unjustly claimed that the latter appellation was gained by his "Bolshevik" tendencies when in Mass meetings. His literary tastes were proved beyond dispute by myself, who found one day in his room a membership card in a lending library.

Next to the Adjutant, but separated from him by a bathroom, was quartered the Officer entrusted with the herculean task of making both ends "meet" throughout our little community. In contra-distinction to the S.O., this one belonged to the "Late and Early" club, often making a dead heat of it with the "Early Bird." While most approachable when off duty, constant practice had rendered him as shy and elusive as a startled "fawn" when approached by anyone holding an indent. He could explain apparent shortages if given the slightest clue as to their nature. His one relaxation from the "life strenuous" was gardening, at which he was most expert. His favourite topic was D.O.S. 2, which he cherished in his heart as a miser does gold. Like misers, too, he hated to part with them.

(To be continued).

Glossary of terms:—

†S.B.—Senior Batman.

*S.O.—Sanitary Officer.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

FOUNTAIN PENS:

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SWAN, WHITWORTH,
&C.

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AN EXAMPLE TO THE TROOPS



CIGARETTE ASH IN ENGLAND



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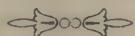
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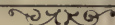


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